

Aftermore by GalekhXigisi

Series: The Unholy Holy Trinity Collection [6]

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti)

Genre: Aftercare, Anxiety, Bad Parent Maggie Tozier, Blood, Blood and Gore, Body Dysphoria, Broken Bones, Broken Families, Crying, Depressed Richie Tozier, Depressing, Depression, Drug Abuse, Drug Addiction, Drugs, Eddie Kaspbrak Has ADHD, Eddie Kaspbrak is a Good Boyfriend, Emotional Manipulation, F/M, Fight or Flight, Forced Feminization, Forced Prostitution, Forced Relationship, Gender Dysphoria, Gender Issues, Good Parent Wentworth Tozier, Grooming, Health Issues, Hiding Medical Issues, Hurt No Comfort, Hurt Richie Tozier, Implied/Referenced Drug Use, Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con, Implied/Referenced Underage Prostitution, Implied/Referenced Underage Sex, Loss of Virginity, M/M, Maggie Tozier Fucking SUCKS, Manipulation, Manipulative Relationship, Medical Inaccuracies, Medical Trauma, Medication, Medicine, Menstruation, Mental Breakdown, Mental Health Issues, Mental Instability, Methamphetamine, Molestation, Multi, Nipple Play, No Aftercare, No Beta, Pain, Panic, Panic Attacks, Past Underage Sex, Perversion, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Prostitution, Rape, Rape Aftermath, Rape Recovery, Rape/Non-con Elements, Recovery, References to Depression, Richie Tozier Has ADHD, Richie Tozier Has Issues, Richie Tozier Needs a Hug, Richie Tozier and Boris Pavlikovsky and Mike Wheeler are triplets, Richie Tozier and Mike Wheeler Are Cousins, Richie Tozier and Mike Wheeler Are Twins, Richie Tozier is Adopted, Richie Tozier is Bad at Feelings, Showers, Sobbing, Soft Eddie Kaspbrak, Soft Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris Loves Birds, Stanley Uris Tries, Stanley Uris is a Good Boyfriend, Stanley Uris is a Good Friend, The Unholy Holy Trio, Trans Richie Tozier, Underage Prostitution, Underage Rape/Non-con, Underage Sex, Unhealthy Coping Mechanisms, Unhealthy Relationships, Violence, Vomiting, We Die Like Men, lines are a little blurred BUT EXPLAINED, meth

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Donald Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Maggie Tozier, Mike Hanlon, Pennywise (IT), Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Wentworth Tozier

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier/Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier/Stanley Uris, The Losers Club & Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Richie gets a moment of foresight thanks to Pennywise's deadlights, Richie learns to change his future so he doesn't have to deal with that trauma ever.

1. Pennywise deadlights Richie

Author's Note:

Starting with an in-between scene where the Losers leave Richie alone to clean Beverly's bathroom, Richie gets hit by the deadlights, even if only for a moment. In case you didn't know, you really shouldn't leave your friends alone when there's a killer clown on the loose, especially if he's attacking our friend group.

Richie stares at the clown, the clown who stands too close to him, hands pressed to his shoulders, nails digging into his skin, drawing blood.

If anyone ever asked Richie what he was scared of, he would answer with one word and one word alone; *Clowns*. But, honestly? That's not the truth. Anyone who took the time to genuinely consider everything would know that, would know that the boy didn't hold a thing against *most* clowns. They would know what he really feared, what *really* kept him up at night and made him lose hours upon hours of sleep for no reason other than because it *did*.

He would remember watching his mother take another line of "salt" up her nose, telling a little seven-year-old child to go back up to their room, excusing her actions as an adult's party. He would remember the men that hung off her frame, the ones that simply weren't his *father*, ones that would get too close and feel him up if he was at the wrong place at the wrong time. He would remember nights upon nights of staying up because the loud moans that came from his parent's bedroom and simply couldn't be caused by his father because the man was out of town like he normally was. He would remember each and every single one of those nights and what they had taught him when he was too young to even be *considering* things like that.

He would never admit that he feared those times, feared those men and his mother. No one needed to know about the one man that took it too far, snot leaking out of his nose, mixing with sweat that coated his skin on a frame that was far too skinny to be healthy. Richie never invited anyone over, made sure to stay away from the house no matter the cost unless his father was home. The man was the only positive presence in that home, the only *man* that didn't make Richie's insides turn icky and full of emotions he was never sure how to describe.

He remembers taunts from those men that his mom brought home that didn't ever look like they should be alive. They had too much energy, even that coming from the child with ADHD and no real attention span. He couldn't handle them. They were too loud and thought that his little self who always wore dresses (*by his mother's insistence*) was cute, and not *cute* in the way a little kid should know. It was *cute* in a way Richie found disgusting and learned when he was still too young to understand what was happening. He wouldn't understand that until he was older and scraping down his body because red stained his thighs again and his mind was realizing that starting a menstrual cycle when you were still in early elementary wasn't *normal* because all the health books said eight to seventeen and not five to ten like his mom had.

Now, he can see the faces of those men distort in the clown's face, churning and whispering words, peering at the boy who felt a million times too small, cowering against the bench. Had been being called a faery not enough? Had been being left alone by his friends while they cleaned this stupid ass redhead's house not been enough, either? His head feels like it's been stuffed with cotton as he watches the clown's mouth expand, three bright balls rotating around the spit-filled mouth. Saliva dribbles down, painting a picture in the hundred-degree weather.

“Rosie,” his mother whispers, fingers sliding across the boy’s jaw as he sits on the bed, big eyes staring back at the woman. She looked sober, itching for another fix, feigning calm in a way she did that was too perfect, like she had spent her entire life drugged up. From what he could tell, she probably had, her pregnancy with him included. A long nail presses along his jaw, tearing the skin, but he sits still, forcing down his panicked choke.

“You know what I do for work, right, my love?”

He knows it. He’s seen the skimpy clothes she wore every single time she got high. He had obviously heard the noises she never dared be quiet with. Despite that, he shakes his head No.

“So kind, Love,” she says in a voice too calm. “To make money, your dear Mommy offers herself over... Sex for money.” She sits beside him, a box in her arm now being moved to the bed. “And... You’re sixteen now, my little flower. You can join Mommy, join her and make money.”

Richie’s never called her Mommy, not once, nor has he ever liked being called his Mother’s rose. He’s always called her four things and those four things alone. Mama, Mama Tozier, Mom, or Maggie, never settling for anything else. Now, he thinks he’ll stick with Maggie as he watches her pull out the box. He doesn’t know why, but it makes him feel like he’s been punched. It wasn’t even open yet.

“Go ahead,” she says as she pushes it forward, only now removing her hand from his face to usher the box towards her son.

He doesn’t like this, not as he opens the box. He suddenly understands as he looks at the fabric. It’s probably silk, probably the expensive kind that his mother wore that had white stains that Richie never touched both out of fear and self-respect. It almost feels patronizing to lay his eyes on the fabric now. It’s white with lace and bows, far too skimpy for anything he’s

ever really worn before. He hates pulling the dress-like outfit out. Richie thinks he might get sick.

“Join me, my little Rose?”

He stares at the lingerie-dress-whatever, looking at the too-thin fabric. He’s only seen things like these in sex stores that he’s not really supposed to go into until he’s eighteen but had been in with his cousins during the few times he visited them. The fabric feels absolutely disgusting against his fingertips. It makes his skin itch. He neatly folds it and watches his mother’s face contort as he presses it back into the box. Anger, he recognizes as her fists ball up.

“You don’t like it,” she asks through grit teeth.

His eyes burn with tears as he shakes his head. It suddenly makes too much sense as to why she had been so kind as of late. He thought she was just getting sober slowly. He thought she was accepting that he wasn’t a girl, no matter what his birth certificate said. He had thought a million different things when she stopped drinking and seemed to be rather loving to her husband the two times she had seen him within the past few months. He really had thought she was trying to be better.

“I’m a fucking boy,” he whispers brokenly, tensing up in time for the back of her hand. Her nails scrape his skin as she hits once again. He silently wonders if he’s bleeding.

She shakes her head at him. “If you don’t have a good job by the end of the week,” she threatens, box pulled up in her hands, “You have to get the fuck out of my house. You’re costing too much to not be making your own

money.” She stomps forward, slamming the door behind herself, anger burning in her trail as her heels echo down the halls and steps.

He covers his mouth as the tears fall. Richie had a fucking job. He’d had a job since he was fourteen, forcing himself into that so he had another excuse not to be home. He took shifts at the Alladin theater, sneaking in his friends every once in a while whenever they all managed to coordinate. He paid for his own things and often paid the bills, too. With enough all-nighters and sacrificed hang out sessions, he always managed to have enough money. He bought his own food, his own school supplies, his own everything. He owned the damn house more than that shit show of a woman did.

He covers his own sobs, the ones that are really aren’t even loud because he had a habit of crying almost silently by now. No one needed to know that as he laid down, curled up in a ball as he ignored the last time he had even gotten close to anyone, close enough to go past a kiss. It had been with Eddie and Stan only two weeks ago. Eddie had touched his hip and Richie had been thrown into a panic attack within an instant, finding his way out the door before anyone could realize what was going on. Richie had never explained and they never pried, but he’s rather sure they’re suspicious since they’re both wary about when they kiss him. He hates it, but he can’t find it in himself to correct it. He had tried the night before, on Eddie’s birth, but had burst into tears before he could even get the first sentence out and covered it up by announcing his love for his boyfriend. No one questioned it.

He can see years whiz by, all bleak as he watches people distance themselves and break away, no longer friends or in love, no longer wanting to go near each other. He watches his friends die to the same clown that held his shoulders with a harsh grip.

The clown smiles, mouth shut as he pries himself all of the terrified

boy. His breathing feels too labored and he thinks he'd lose his shit if he had to watch that again, if he had to hear his mother's thick, sweetened voice at the moment.

"Don't touch the other boys, Richie," the clown says with a laugh. It reminds him of days before, when the clown had sung a little song for the first to see IT. "Don't, or they'll know your secret."

He wants to sob as It pulls away, disappearing just as quickly as he had appeared, leaving the boy alone with the bikes, waiting for his friends to return. He feels like he's swallowed a golf ball, but he doesn't let them know it when they return, keeping up the annoying asshole personality he had finely crafted over the years.

Do what you always do. Start talking!

2. We find that Maggie fucking sucks and should never have kids

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie deals with the aftermath by taking a shower.

Notes for the Chapter:

This talks about rape and the aftermath but nothing is shown, as I don't think I can write that, not yet... I'm not at that level of acceptance of my own trauma yet.

"Rosie," Maggie purrs as Richie slips through the door, her skinny frame waltzing forward as soon as she sees the greywater covered boy. She withholds a sneer, but Richie is pretty sure she could barely ever smell anything, anyway. She runs a hand through his oily hair, the disgusting mop of natural coils swaying with her forceful motion. He tenses up the instant he feels it. His eyes focus on the ground as she circles him like a hungry dog looking for a dying snack. "You're so *dirty*, my love."

Richie nods, motions tense as he does so. He kind of wants to vomit as he sees the feet of another. It's notably not his father, who was built like a brick house, thick with muscle and pride. This man was skinny and probably just as high as his mother, who was hanging off of him in a way that Richie doesn't think is as nice as she wants it to be. "So this is Rosemary," he asks, voice high and practically a keen, "Paying hundreds for this little stick, Maggie?"

"She'll go get washed up," Maggie assures, tapping his shoulder, "Go put on that dress I got you the other day." Her command is sharp, something Richie can't refute, especially not as her nails dig in where IT's own had only two hours just before. For everyone else, today was supposed to be *better*, lead to a better future. Bill had taken Georgie

home with a wide smile, Beverly had decided to stay with Ben until her aunt got into town, Eddie was staying at Stan's, and Mike was finally getting better treatment at the farm. Richie, though, forces down all his panic as he does what his mother says, trailing up the stairs to the bathroom. "Hurry with your shower, sweetie."

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Richie hadn't spoken to Stan or Eddie when he stomped into the Uris household. He hadn't even said anything to Stan's dad, Donald, who Richie always greeted with a *Hi, Papi Donnie* or something of that sort when he went by, no matter the circumstance. He just stomps through the home like it was his own. It practically *was*. Richie was over constantly, after all, bringing a bag filled with clothes and whatever he needed. Now, he comes in the same dirty clothes he had messily thrown on just after. A million new bruises covered his body, ones Richie couldn't blame on Pennywise, ones he knew had no connection to the horrid creature that burned a mark permanently into the newly appointed teenager's mind. He fucking *stinks*.

"Richie," Stan says in a happy voice, only to stop the instant he saw the other, who instantly slammed the bathroom door behind him. There wasn't any attempt to even humor Stan with a bullshit response. Stan could see the way Richie was buzzing with anxious energy. It was something he doesn't think he's ever seen before from his friend.

"Rich," Donald asks tentatively, standing at the door with his son and son's friend beside him. "Are you alright?"

"Had a fight with my mom," Richie quickly excuses through the door, "I'm just pissed at her."

Donald watches as his son shares a wary glance at Eddie, one that the two pass instantly. It wasn't like the boy who was practically his son to clam up like this. When Richie got mad, he fought back, he put people through Hell, he made it a personal mission to ruin their lives. However, *now*, the boy's voice is timid and shaking somewhat, full of emotion and something Donald *thinks* might just be fear if he can read the child right. However, he softly says, "Well, you can stay as long as you'd like, Richie. You know you're always welcome here and we'll be here to listen if you'd like to talk."

There comes a hum from the other side of the door and Donnie takes his cue to leave, giving the two boys gentle shoves to their shoulders with a soft, "Let's leave him be." They both frown but nod, agreeing as they move away, filtering back into their room and leaving Richie in the bathroom, alone.

Richie flips the bathroom lights off, not even attempting to map out the bathroom first like he normally would. Instead, he just turns them out the second he hears the others walk away, holding his breath as he listens for the footsteps to finally fade out. They do, the door to Stan's room shutting and the two boy's voices giving a soft hum through the wall. Richie can't find it in himself to care as he strips, throwing the clothes in the bottom of the tub. They're fucking disgusting and smell like Hell's toilets after a week of eating out exclusively. He wouldn't dare drop them on the floor with the rest of the clothes or the dirty hamper that only Stan's mom ever really used. He'd much rather just wash what he can off of them and then throw them in the washer once he's dressed.

He slips into the shower and turns on the water with deft hands. He's showered at his friend's house a million fucking times, learned to use the entire place without a single light on. He doubts anyone else in the house would know how to, but Richie made sure to learn the map

out of every single home he had decided to go into with the intent of becoming genuine friends with someone. He knew where everything was (for the most part) in Eddie, Stan, Bill, and Mike's homes. Sure, he had only been to Mike's twice, but Mike was welcoming and gave Richie a tour within an instant and didn't mind showing him around a little extra, to which Richie was thankful.

Hot water beats down on bruised skin, burning the pale skin. Richie doesn't give himself any remorse as he moves under it. He's already reaching for the corner of the tub, pulling whatever bottle comes first. He's not sure what he grabs but it smells like men's body spray and Richie doesn't mind. He dumps a dollop in his hand and presses it into his hair, nails digging into his scalp. He doesn't care how much the water burns or how much it stings to run his hands through his hair. His scalp was sore, tired of the pulling, tired of the rough jerks that would certainly make him hair any form of hair pulling for the rest of his life. He feels fucking sick as his nails dig against his scalp.

His shoulders follow that. Richie doesn't bother to rinse his hair yet. Instead, he lets the nails roughly graze over his arms and shoulders, pulling off dead skin. He rubs harshly, not caring when his skin starts to get red and raw, burning with the water. He continues with the rest of his body, scrubs and scrubs as sobs so harsh and painful that they're silent leave the teenager. Hot water burns skin as he restarts the entire process, even filling his mouth up with soap to wash it. The disgusting taste of sweat and someone's stupid member and whatever the fuck else was on it wouldn't leave him, no matter how much he stuffed his mouth with that disgusting-tasting soap. His eyes are red and his body is bruised. He's probably pulled out entire handfuls of hair in his upset haste.

He still feels fucking *disgusting*.

Each and every sensation sat with him, every single one of them burning at his mind. The hands that had pressed his wrists into the bed in a grip that Richie is rather sure only a cracked out shithead could achieve. The man hadn't even been from Derry, probably from a town or two over if Richie's suspicions were correct. He could practically still feel the blood that stained his thighs and the pain that still sat deep within him. No amount of scrubbing could erase that, he had found, even if every hinted at scent had been washed away and his cries had become so rough that he had to stop his shower to cough and throw up a few times. He had found he'd lacked a gag reflex when it came to... *certain things*, which now made him feel just as disgusting. His cries became weak and the water became freezing and his clothes slowly became clean, but Richie didn't *feel* clean. He felt disgusting, felt every single sensation like a ghost pain.

He finally gets out of the shower when he's shivering so bad that he can barely pick up a bottle, fumbling to turn off the water as he reaches for a towel from the cabinet. He moves his clothes to the sink, half-heartedly ringing them out. A knock comes at the door and Richie lets out a loud hum, acknowledging it.

"Stan and I got you clothes," Eddie's cautious voice rings softly through the door.

Richie only partially opens the door, offering his hands out for the items. Eddie passes them without a word, his hands brushing against Richie's own. It takes every single bit of Richie's self-control not to flinch away from the minimal contact. It was his fucking *hand*. He shouldn't be brought to tears by touching his best friend's hand. Guilt seems to override every single emotion as Richie shuts the door the instant he can.

He doesn't move for a while. In fact, Richie just stands there, stomach

churning, awaiting the horrid dry heaving that inevitably follows. Richie leans over the side of the toilet and heaves out nothing more than the tiniest bits of spit he had swallowed down. Every single thing came up and Richie flushed it down with tears still trailing down his face, reduced to sniffles and hiccups, cheek against the toilet's seat.

He sits there for another half hour, just forcing himself to breathe and forcing down his feelings. He forces that smile back on his face and gets dressed in the dark, thankful the two boys had given him a loose shirt and large jacket with a pair of shorts that were probably Eddie's if the way they were somewhat tight against his hips was anything to go by. It was an outfit made for comfort for Richie, he knows, and he's thankful for it.

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"Are you alright, Richie," Eddie asks softly after dinner when the three boys sat on Stan's bed, Stan sitting in the middle with a book about birds in hand, gushing about a yellow canary for a rather long while. After a few beats of silence, while Stan looked for a bird he hadn't talked to them about, Eddie had decided to ask the question everyone was wondering.

He nods, smiling widely. "Of course, Eds," he exclaims. "Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because you spent two and a half hours in the bathroom," Stan retorts within an instant.

Richie smirks, “Maybe I was just jacking off.”

“So, you cry while you masturbate,” Eddie questions with a raised brow.

“You don’t,” Richie challenges, smirk not faltering.

Stan sighs. “This isn’t going to get anywhere.” He turns to Eddie, giving him a soft look before turning his attention to Richie. “I know you don’t want to talk about what’s wrong, but we’re your best friends, Richie... We’ll listen and try to help, no matter what.”

Richie doesn’t respond to that, just shrugging and smiling. “I’m tired. I’m gonna go sleep on the couch.”

Neither comment as he walks out of the room. Richie always took the air mattress, sharing it with Eddie or sleeping in the bed with Stan. The boy always hated sleeping alone, always despised, and yet, now...

“Something’s really wrong,” Eddie mumbles. Stanley only nods and agrees.

Notes for the Chapter:

Showers really are nice but it's really rough.

3. Richie faces a deep cleansing and we find Wentworth is a blessing

Richie couldn't stay at Stan's for more than the night. The Uris family didn't mind him, no, not at all! They welcomed the boy with open arms, but that was the issue... Guilt loops over his mind, replaying the events again and again as he remembers how somber dinner had been, how everyone seemed wary. He had spent the day with the losers, as per usual, but today had been achingly different. He didn't lean off of his friends. In fact, he avoided their touch so prominently that he went out of his way more than just a few times to ensure that he didn't come in contact with anyone, which meant blowing over Mike a few times, which made him feel so icky inside that he almost broke down sobbing right then and there, though he kept his appearance up. However, it had meant he had given up the hammock instead of fighting for it with Eddie like he normally did. Instead, he had given a long-winded speech bitching about it, but the instant Eddie had touched his arm and he had *almost* flinched away, he knew he didn't want it with someone else and Eddie wasn't going to give up. He never fucking did.

He was angry now that he saw his room. It was a mess. He had torn it to shreds last night, pummeling it just after, angry as could be about the entire situation. When he had said he fought with his mom, he hadn't been lying. He had yelled at her that he wasn't doing this again, not when he's not getting the money, not when he's not even fucking legal, anyway. Derry was fucked up, Richie doubts child prostitution forced by a parent while said parent assisted probably wasn't the absolute *worst* they had seen.

His clothes sit around the floor, upturned and strewn about, carelessly tossed to the ground. His blankets had new stains on them, white and red mixing, brown staining. His posters were ripped off the walls, torn to shred. Richie didn't regret it in the heat of the moment and he didn't currently, but he knew he would in the future when he

was forced to stare at the blank, pink walls. He's sure he can get some of those bullshit two-dollar angel paintings at the store when he goes into town tomorrow and hang them up. At least the pictures will be framed, meaning he would have something to smash the next time something like this happened.

This hadn't happened in what he had seen in the deadlights. In that, Georgie hadn't been gotten back, either, and Richie hadn't been deadlight-ed for a second time, the clown laughing until Stan and Eddie had pulled him out of it with soft words that Richie couldn't remember but guessed must have snapped him out of it. It was better than watching Ben kiss Beverly again, he and Mike sharing a sharp cringe at that. The fight with Pennywise had been shorter and Richie hadn't dragged the clown back up with Stan and Mike's assistance, either. They hadn't ripped the clown's heart out, not bothering with his backstory as Mike had.

Maybe he had been late and that was what had happened? Or maybe Richie had come early last time and fallen asleep, sleeping through everything. His bones ached and he was certainly tired as could be, sure, but Richie was buzzing with energy. His mother wasn't home and his bones felt cold. The room didn't feel like his own.

"Fuck," Richie whispers beneath his breath, staring at the carpet. It had stains, too, ones that Richie hadn't noticed the night before. Maybe he would get Wentworth to help with it once he got home? The man was supposed to be home by the end of this week and it was already Monday. If he were lucky enough, he could probably even get the carpet taken out by himself by Tuesday night.

He doesn't let himself stand and think it out. In fact, he's already digging around his room, bringing out trash bag upon trash bag. He fills them to the brim, stuffing them so full. He didn't keep much in

his room, really, just whatever he'd been gifted over the years, which wasn't much since Richie stopped having birthday parties after the one where Maggie lit Wentworth on fire during a particularly *heated* fight. He regretted the pun, but not as much as he regretted the party watching his family turn into shambles at seeing the party fall to shit near instantly. His cousins, the two twins Mike and Boris, who were identical, had varying reactions. Boris had spurred it on and Mike had been distressed as all Hell.

Richie ignores those feelings as he tosses things into the black bags. Clothes, trash, school papers he'd never need again, anything that he didn't want anymore, which ended up being *a lot*. His motto had been because *If I didn't need it then, I don't need it now*. Old clothes were tossed, memorabilia, photos of a family Richie once called his own but realized were nothing more than a crafter image Maggie had put forth so everyone would believe what she said.

Seventeen trash bags later, Richie stood in a near-empty room. His clothes that he hadn't tossed were in the washer or beside it, ready to be washed. In truth, it wasn't *all* dirty, but Richie wanted a clean start. He had even gone into his mom's room and dug around, looking for money. He *had* found hundreds, hundreds that he suspects came from the same man that pummeled him the night before. He had taken it without a second thought, stuffing his pockets with the cash. He had found an old pair of black overalls and striped shirt, putting it on at one point to fold up the clothes Stan and Eddie had let him borrow. He would probably return them when his binder dried, which would be a few hours, so by the time the sun was up.

The front door opens and Richie tenses within an instant, finally taking account for the fact that he now had multiple trash bags out in the living room, thrown down the stairs by a boy who didn't want to deal with them anymore. However, Richie relaxes the instant he hears, "What the *fuck*?" In fact, it was a gigantic comfort as Richie quickly ran down the stairs, bare feet padding against the steps.

“Dad,” he exclaims, practically throwing himself at the man, who dropped his bags and instantly caught his son, pulling him into a tight hug.

“Hey, Richie,” his father beams. His arms tightly wrap around the boy. Richie missed the man, missed the tight, comforting hugs and the way he always smelled like peppermint soap. Richie didn’t like peppermint, but the way it specifically set to Wentworth was a huge comfort after such a rough past few weeks. “How’s my little stinker?”

Richie pulls away, smile falling as his hand wraps around his wrist, twisting the limb with a frown. He can’t lie to his father. He trusted the man, knew he could never do any harm.

Wentworth’s smile drops, the brown-haired man softly asking, “Hey, buddy, what’s wrong?”

Richie is slow to pull up his sleeves. Fingerprints cover his flesh, ones that are dark and light alike. Some are purple and blue, the others green and yellow, none of them looking particularly nice. In fact, they all make Richie want to lurch forward and vomit each time he sees them, though he had been avoiding anything heavy all day. They hadn’t faded at all, not during the whole two hours of sleep he had achieved the night before. He wasn’t going to get anywhere tonight, either, he knew.

“Rich,” Went tentatively asks, “has... Has someone *touched* you wrong?”

He's not sure how to phrase it. Richie can tell by the hesitation. The man wasn't sure how to go about the situation at *all*. However... Richie doesn't feel like he's being confronted like he would with his mother. In fact, he feels like this is going to end up being helped, so, slowly, Richie gives a gentle nod.

Wentworth attentively asks, "What happened, Rich? You can tell me anything, I promise."

Richie nods. "I know, Dad." His hands are shaking, though, and his eyes are forcefully trained on the ground. "I - I came home and Maggie... She told me to shower and get dressed in the dress she got me a while ag - ago." Richie's eyes flicker up at Wentworth. He can see the cogs turning in the man's head, can see the frown. He reminds himself it's not aimed at him, but instead at the woman he called a mother. "There was this man, I don't know his name, but... He was rough and she watched..." He tries to go into detail. He shakes and shutters, trying to force the words out, but they stumble over each other and he skips a bunch of words at a time. It's a bumbled mess and Richie has tears down his cheeks within just a few minutes.

Wentworth runs his hands through his son's hair. He's careful, avoiding the nonexistent knots. The coils fell around his head in a mess of ringlets, looking far more similar to Stan's hair than Richie's casual look, but the boy couldn't force himself to straighten it this morning. Hell, Richie wasn't even sure when they had fallen to the ground, but he just knows his father is holding him as he breaks down in sobs, head pressed to his father's shoulder. The suit he wore now had a wet patch from the tears that had collected.

"It's alright, Richie," Wentworth whispers, "You'll never have to see

her again. I promise you, Mijo, *never.*”

“Mijo,” Richie repeats. He knows Spanish, had been taught it when he was young. His father was fluent and his mother was Italian, which meant he had learned the other languages easily, fusing them together sometimes when he became particularly messy with his word.

Went nods and gives a watery smile to his son. “Yes, *Mijo.* You’re my son, no matter what.” He runs his hands through Richie’s hair again, He has a soft frown to him, though, one that makes Richie’s somewhat smile droop. He knew he wasn’t Wentworth’s biological child, but the man still had rights to the son he had legally adopted... Right?

“Dad,” he whispers softly, “I’m still your kid, right?”

Went nods, sharp and indefinite. “Of course, Rich, but... You’re not your mother’s...”

Richie frowns, pulling away, confused as can be. “I - I’m not? But I - I look like her and-”

“No...” Wentworth shakes his head slowly with a frown. “No, Richie, you look like her twin sister, *Karen.*” His voice is quiet and solemn. “Your mother... *Maggie,* I mean, she faked her pregnancy when we... When we got married.” Tears seem to collect in his eyes, marking this as something painful for the man. Richie doesn’t dare interrupt as he listens to the man. “I didn’t know until we got to the hospital and the doctors pulled her back to the room with her sister. Hell, I didn’t

even know then, but Maggie pulled me back with her and was talking with her sister.”

Richie sniffles, only *just* realizing what it all means.

“She had *triplets*, Richie,” he murmurs in a heartbroken voice, “But she already had Nancy on her hands and she had had an affair with Ted and... Well, your hair is just as crazy as Boris’ own is.” He gestures at the locks with a frown. “Mijo, I’m so sorry I didn’t tell you earlier. Maggie wanted to wait until you turned fifteen, but-”

“I was born on the seventh,” Richie recounts, “but their birthday is the sixth.”

Went lets out a broken, wet laugh as he nods, agreeing. “Yeah, Boris was born at nine at night, Mike at eleven, and you at five three in the morning.” He smiles, though, clearly not upset as he provides the information. “Karen passed custody to us, but Maggie didn’t want full custody, not with her first miscarriage. She was scared you’d end up dying by the time we drove you home, but you were so *healthy*.” He smiles. Richie frowns at the tears that dribble down to the floor. “You were an amazing baby. You were independent and got pissed if anyone picked you up or touched you.” He sniffles and wipes his face. “And you barely slept, ever. You had a great set of lungs, too.”

Richie laughs softly, though it hurts his body as he does so. He sniffles and wipes his face. “She got me because I was the only girl, didn’t she?”

“You were the only one that looked like us,” Went gushes with a

proud smile. “You had blonde hair. You had a whole head of hair, actually. We were surprised but Maggie wanted a kid and Karen was terrified of how Ted would react to finding out that she had an affair, but now they’ve got Holly and she’s got bright blonde hair just like how yours used to be. You used to not let us cut it, either. You’d scream and cry until we backed off and it went on until you were seven and got your hair caught in the mixer.”

Richie laughs, “I remember.”

The two fall into reminiscing, talking softly as the sun comes up. Wentworth throws out the bags and helps Richie do his laundry before clearing out the carpet. The two pass out on the bare bed, Richie curled beneath his father’s protective grasp.

Notes for the Chapter:

A classic move: throw every single fucking thing away. I call it the Deep Cleansing (pronounced Cleans-en-ning). I did it earlier this year and then my roof fell in so that was certainly a week's worth of entertainment.

4. Rough times

Notes for the Chapter:

Rough chapter!! There is rape!!! Please be careful!!!

Richie really liked waking up alone. Honestly, he's pretty sure it's an underrated daily activity that no one takes into account despite millions upon millions of people doing it daily. And with this likening, he always assumed he'd wake up alone, too. He used to not, used to assume he would wake up with one of his parents at least *home*, even if it wasn't the truth.

Things loved to change, he had come to realize when he was young. They liked to change so much that Richie stopped trying to keep track of everything. He started to assume that he'd be alone more often than not. His father traveled for work, traveled constantly and came home in weekly intervals that never stuck too long, just long enough for Richie to start assuming he wouldn't be alone again only for it to get ripped out from beneath his feet at the realization that he very much was alone again. And his mother had stopped "doing business at home" more often than not, out catting at her own leisure and going where she wanted without the threat of Richie being home. Which, honestly, that was odd, as Richie liked to be home the least he possibly fucking could. Staying the night at his friend's houses, staying at the clubhouse a couple of times just before they finally faced Pennywise.

He really *does* assume he'll be alone. He and his father had been talking the night before, talking about things they could do about the situation at hand. Richie had suggested that they find a lawyer, to which Wentworth said that he already knew one and had called her up. Richie was surprised the woman had answered, but Richie had heard his father on the phone with someone while he was up in his room, surveying the carpet that would soon be removed with stars in his eyes.

He had stripped out of most of his clothing at one point. Really, he had showered, too, putting back on his shots, underwear, and sports bra. He would have put on his shirt, too, but had to stop after he realized his skin was breaking out in an itchy rash. They quickly found he was allergic to the layer beneath the carpet, which Wentworth said he'd handle alone so his son's skin would stop blistering and splitting. Richie didn't refuse him after bandaging his own arms, cream put between the bandages and skin. It was the same cream Eddie had given him when his own eczema started to break out so severely. Eddie had said something about his mom using it on him, but Richie had hardly listened to it.

Despite the sharp assumption that he would be alone that always sat in his mind, it's so rudely interrupted when he wakes up and realizes *very much* so that he is *very much not alone*. The air mattress the two male Toziers has set out had an extra weight added to it, *two* extra weights, ones that are far from good in this situation. Someone drapes over him, one hand pressing to his mouth while the other presses his bare hip into the mattress. It takes Richie a moment to realize that it's not the man above him who has their hand wrapped around his mouth because another hand - specifically a left with an already left hand pressed to his lips - presses to his chest, groping him mercilessly. The contact hurts and makes his breathing speed up with panic.

He wants to fight against whoever has his wrists pressed down so harshly, but he has to assume it's his mother based on the nails digging into his flesh. He especially has to when a rough voice purrs, "Oh, you got one of *these*, Maggie? You got a little crier!" He presses at Richie's nipples making tears fall as his panic starts to really set in. "You *know* I love them!" His particular excitement doesn't make Richie feel any better, especially not as his pace quickens. Richie tenses, whining as pain burns in his lower abdomen. He's fucking *uncomfortable*.

He shuts his eyes tightly and tries to push his own panic away. If he fights, things get rougher and there's more blood. Richie is certain that there even being blood in the first place wasn't good, to begin with. He doesn't say that, doesn't even try to as he screws his eyes shut, sobs falling silent as a hand wraps even tighter around his wrist, pressing into the broke out bits of his skin that must *still* be broken out because he lets out a weak cry at the pain. His mother doesn't let up on her grip.

His entire body is tense beneath the touch of the two adults. Now, Richie would never say he was trusting towards adults, to begin with, no, not after years of bad experiences with Derry and a few other places, but this was *fucking crazy*. He never trusted his mother like he trusted his father, and he thinks it must have been some fucking *great* intuition of his because he really doesn't think he ever could have trusted her.

His mother is whispering things in his ear, her nail running across his jawline as she talks in a too-sweet voice that he remembers from when he was a kid, as well as what Pennywise showed him during that little deadlight experience that haunted his nightmares relentlessly. The sweet nothings his mother coaxes him into leave his stomach fowl and curing unhappily. It was the exact little things she would say when he was a child, waking up from nightmares that always plagued him as a child. It would be things like losing his voice, losing his hearing, losing his sight, things he was absolutely petrified would happen after his doctor said something about his vision just getting worse and worse and his hearing getting shittier and shittier, too, to the point that just last year, his doctor said he would need hearing aids soon. And Richie remembers a point of his childhood that he shut down and stopped talking altogether. It was at the same time his menstrual cycle began and he found himself reduced to tears at anything and everything.

Honestly, he wishes he was just having those nightmares again. Because Richie was scared of a lot of things that couldn't exactly be pinned: losing his senses, being isolated, being outed for what's "in their pants" and so on. At least, that's what used to take up the list of what invaded his nightmares.

Now, he finds that it's adults, that stupid fucking clown, rumors spreading about what's in his pants, events like *this one*, his friends dropping him, and his father pushing him away or joining his mother in her shitty excuse of parenting. There were a million other things, but these had invaded his nightmares since the day those other f-words that Richie had decided he hated got thrown around so fucking easily like they weren't labels that would forever be pressed into his mind like they had been burnt there by a hot, metal rod. He wants the nightmares of his friends getting murdered in front of him that leave him with panic attacks for more than men standing over him about to cum with his mother assisting or watching that send him into tight panic and mental shutdowns with showers so hot that his skin burns and blisters beneath the hot rays. He feels like shit for even considering that. But no one needed to know about that, about *now*.

Was his mother treating this like it was a nightmare? Her feeble attempts at comfort were bittersweet. She was... Was she aware that what she was doing was wrong, that this was a disgusting crime and not some form of rite of passage into being an adult? He was sure he caught her saying, *It'll be over soon, my lotus*, at some point. So she must have been aware of how much this was hurting Richie and how much he wanted the fuck out and away? So, Richie finds himself mentally asking her, what the fuck?

It felt like hours upon hours until it all finally stopped. Really, Richie had no idea how long any of it was. He had been focusing on anything and everything else, even some of shit Pennywise had shown him about his dull, painful future that he himself was actively

changing was welcome. He didn't even care if he saw his friends' gruesome deaths! But finally, *finally(!)*, he pulled away from Richie, smirking at him. Richie isn't looking, though, and doesn't make a noise as his mother tells him not to scream as she pulls her hand away. He doesn't make a single noise, doesn't even fucking *try*. He knows better than that.

Despite that, he still receives a couple of sharp blows to his ribs that make him cry out, curling up on himself within an instant. *Steel toe boots*, Richie recognizes far too easily, far too *calmly*. He knows he's felt this before, felt these blows, but it hadn't been from a man who was maybe twice his age. It had been from Henry Bowers and his gang. There had been an entire collection of them, kicking hard enough to break the bones and pressing blades to skin. He had a scar on his lower back, Henry's name carved there when he was only eleven.

"You did good, *kid*," chimes the man as he opens the front door, the strut of his mother's clicking heels following in a perfect stride. The door shits and gives Richie the limited noise to think.

The words spin around his skull like a screen saver, hitting one corner then the next. It plays on repeat that the man *knew*. He *knew* Richie was a minor, must have *known* that Maggie was his mother! And yet... he did absolutely *nothing*. Richie wonders how long Maggie's been seeing him, how long she has to be seeing someone and getting into their disgusting kinks for her to say, *you know, I've got a kid at home who you could totally do this with*.

Richie forces himself to lean up. There isn't a single point in sitting and stewing, the stench of sex overtaking the living room. It takes every single fiber of Richie's being and willpower not to just lay there, sitting and stewing as the blood and bodily fluids collect on his

thighs and air mattress. There was probably blood, probably enough for it to look like he had started his menstrual, though he took medication for that, progesterone, ten days of it to lead to a menstrual that somehow *still* managed to be a sketchy event that was random and painful as Hell.

Or, maybe he did, who was to say? He's pretty sure he was a virgin - though he now thinks that's disposable from earlier. He knows that when someone's cherry pops, they usually get their menstrual a week later, maybe two. He's not sure, he doesn't *know*. It's not like he could just go to the library and find a book about it without either looking suspicious or like a douche bag. It wasn't like there was too much on women's health at the Derry library to even begin with. He knows he's shit out of luck.

He *loved* to talk to the losers. He talked out his ass most of the time, bullshitting and making up random shit. He doesn't think it's lies, doesn't think any of the lies that were clearly there weren't picked up on. It was all just playing *bullshit*. But he talked game, talked about his dick like it was a solid foot and a half and he had fucked every girl within a ten-mile radius. But Richie hadn't had sex before, hadn't even attempted to do so, not *willingly*. He was constantly talking shit but never once had any of it been true. He's awfully sure everyone knows that, or at least Eddie and Stan do. They know about the way Richie would turn down a lot of touch at times, not wanting any contact. They knew he was groped as a kid by a lot of different people, groomed by a mother who was far from kind. They knew about the dresses and breakdowns, just like Stan's parents knew. Bill knew about some of it, about some of the things that happened that Richie refused to voice out of fear, anxiety, or purely just being posted stress that still weighed him down like a concrete prom Queen crown.

He got his period young, *rather young*. He knows he has a million different memories that have been blocked out. Between the constant

grooming and flip of physical abuse that sent a million mixed signals, he wonders if between that, when he cut off his voice for a rather long while and red tides took over if any of this had any of this. Had he *really* been a virgin? Honestly? Had things ever gone as far as they had now? For some reason, he can't say he knows. It makes his insides crawl.

Richie stands up sharply, choking down a sob that pries at his throat like claws. He doesn't want to have a redo of the same night he had just two days ago, stewing in his own pity and disgust. That had been something that sat bitterly in his stomach, still burning constantly. Or maybe that was his injured uterus, who was to say? He doesn't want an answer. He really fucking *doesn't*.

The disgusting feeling of sticky, wet warmth on his thighs has him running to the nearest trashcan within an instant, guided by a mapped out instinct. The home was still bathed in darkness as he heaved into the trash can. He only feels worse as he feels the liquids running out, coating the skin between his legs as his cries softly fall upon unheard ears.

Nothing comes up when he vomits outside of stomach acid and spit. His tears spill into the disgusting mix as he's reminded of his sharp lack of appetite. He never turned down food, not really, constantly finding something to eat. The losers joked that he was the Jughead of their gaggle of friends. Richie never detested that, but he had put up the fight that he needed a dog named Hotdog to be Jughead first. Beverly could be Archie, and so on. At some point, the jokes had stopped and Richie never tried to start them back up again.

Anything substantial was lost in a mix of stomach acid and spit, thrown up after a nightmare or whatever else. His stomach would churn at anything. He couldn't forget Stan's mother's face of pure

worry when he woke up early and ran to the bathroom, vomiting what little bit he had gotten down the night before. She gave him some medication with a calm expression and didn't ask any questions or pry on touch. He was thankful for her far more than he wanted to admit. He was in awe of Andrea James Uris, often jokingly calling her Ma or Anny whenever he stopped by. She always called him Richie, even after she saw the blood on his shorts the second night he stayed at the Uris household. Donald was the same exact way and Richie had called him Dad a few times, Father being an ongoing joke between the two that was never dropped.

He's bitter now, though, no hope of comfort in sight as he holds the bin close to his face, dry heaving into it. He could - *sarcastically and very bitterly* - thank his mother for his current situation.

He's also thankful for the storm that seems to rage on outside, whistling winds and loud thunder rumbling the house and probably all the rest in the neighborhood. It covers the noises that fall from his bitten-through lip, more blood just leaking into the mess of things. He has no idea when he had bitten through it, but he knows that it's bleeding heavily, dripping to his chest and smearing. He would look for his clothes, but he's rather sure that turning on the light would mean facing the mess he's made. He's not ready for that, just standing up as the sobs finally start to diminish and letting tears roll as pathetic little noises leave him. Some are from pain, others just there to exist. He sniffles a few times before making his way to the bathroom, ready for a shower that he turns on without actually needing a light. That wasn't new, either.

He falls deathly silent as the water washes over his cold body, pale skin getting burnt in the process. He can't find it in himself to care. He had done this before, albeit with a lot more emotional turmoil and sobs that were so rough that they hurt his throat, made him vomit, and made mind melt. It was the same process, albeit much more muted than what had happened at Stan's. His mind shuts down

and he goes on autopilot, too many thoughts in his head, too many thoughts, too fucking many for him to understand as they run a million miles an instant.

He sniffls and forces it all down with tears still rolling down his cheeks, staining them, even as he washes his face. He swallows his cries down like they're sour candy or pills. They're like pills, he thinks, that are too big, bigger than anything he's taken in a long while. It all gets swallowed dry, stuck in the back of his throat in a suffocating, uncomfortable way, a bitter aftertaste left for him to stew with, no water anywhere near to help cleanse.

He cleans his body three different times, scrubbing his skin. He's far too aware of his arms, of the harsh burning that befalls him and his legs, apparently, which he didn't even know what broke out, to begin with, but apparently was if the bumps he feels and splitting that mirrors his arms is anything to go by. He'll have to bandage it, to find out where the other rolls of gauze he always kept in the house were. He did have some in his room, but whatever he had kept was now within the two boxes in the living room and Richie didn't want to dig through that. Knowing himself, he had left it at the very bottom.

If anyone asks him about it, he would reluctantly admit that within his hour-long shower, he had punched the wall, knuckles colliding with the cold tile he had been pressing his back against at one point before going directly beneath the hot rays of water seconds later, not caring at the blistering water turning freezing cold. His knuckles were busted, he's sure by the ache and bleeding, but not broken. They weren't broken like the jagged tired he left in his wake, split open to reveal the vast nothing behind it, the inside of the walls giving a cool gust of air. Richie hated violence, really hated fighting, but he didn't know how to handle anything and he was fucking *angry*. Bill had been angry and gotten a hit on Richie. It wasn't like the tile was going to try and kick back at him as he had tried with when Stan and Mike held him back.

He gets out after, heaving out a calm sigh. His lip, arms, legs, and knuckles all ache. Actually, he thinks his whole body just fucking aches, which is understandable after the shitty morning he just had to go through. However, that calm little atmosphere gets disturbed the instant a knock at the door sounds through the little room.

It feels like the youngest Tozier's entire body was lit on fire the instant he hears it. His instincts kick into hard drive, mind supplying him with a million *what-ifs* that all don't turn out too well for Richie. In fact, none of them were once ever going to play into anything nice, the best being his mother and the man is back and the worst being *Pennywise is going to flood my bathroom with blood and I'll have to clean it up all by myself again*. He hadn't told the losers about his bathtub exploding with blood, nor did he plan on it. He hadn't told them about the sobbing he had done while cleaning it, either. If they had noticed he was torn up about it, it had been disregarded during the mutual sharp fight that they shared, barb wires laid out everywhere without remorse for those who tried to map the land, covered in mud that also covered land mines.

He's running on fight or flight instincts. There's a third instinct to fear, one that people disregard but Richie knows is real, knows it hasn't kept him alive yet but might one day. The third lost bit if freeze, but it gets tossed out the window, too, because Richie couldn't just fucking freeze up the same way he had when Bowers cousins called him those two slurs that still sat close to his mind. His chest tightens and heart hammers within his chest. His breathing even becomes never with the panic.

However, all of that dampers when he hears his father's wary voice chime through the door, "Hey, Rich, I saw some blood in the kitchen. Are you alright?"

Richie knows what he means. His menstrual was sketchy and would sometimes come between doses of pills, starting up at random. He doesn't need to hear a whole paragraph to know its meaning and draw his own conclusions. He lets out a relieved sigh, relaxing slowly as his heart and breathing calm down. It's just his father, just Wentworth, who was doing nothing but support him the entire time Richie's known him. No one else is with him.

He runs a hand through his wet curls. It takes a moment of him just breathing and calming himself down - and also his father calling his name again - for Richie to finally give some sort of answer. Slowly, he leans against the cool counter of the sink and says, "You know, Padre, we have *really* got to change the locks to this house." He says it just loud enough for Wentworth to be able to hear him without issue.

There's a split second before he can hear his father's panicked voice call, "Shit, Richie, are you alright? It happened *again?*"

Richie knows he'll fall into a pit of guilt and grief if he doesn't interrupt it now before it can go too far. He can already hear the man's despair in his voice. So, he calls, "Will you please get my clothes out of the dryer?"

Wentworth tries, "Mijo, I-"

Richie doesn't let him finish with it, calling even louder, "I need *clothes*, dad!" He's far from ready to be dwelling on the topic that is his mother, not what she's done. Everything is fresh, only an hour or two old. He finally manages to flip on the lights, listening to his

father's footsteps begrudgingly walking away from the bathroom. He knows his father is reluctant, but it was a far better outcome than it could have been.

He rummages through the cabinets with his glasses somewhat fogged but tossed on and sharpening his vision the tiniest bit. He was looking for bandages of any kind, ones that he could pair with the cream that still sat on the counter from last night's use. He needs to bandage his knuckles, too, he realizes as he bangs his knuckles against the bathroom mirror's door. He lets out a strong string of curses but does find some gauze. He finds multiple rolls that he remembers stocking up on when he was a kid, constantly falling off of his bike.

A few minutes later when he's mostly dry and bandages up like a patient in a hospital, another cautious knock sounds on the bathroom door, just loud enough to grab Richie's attention.

"Yeah?"

"I cleaned up the blood and put your other clothes in the washer..." His father's voice trails off for a moment before he says, "And I threw away the air mattress."

Richie almost bursts into tears as he remembers that he would have to face that, too.

"I'm going to change the locks, but I want you to go over with the Uris's while I go out to get some new ones, okay?"

Richie nods in agreement before realizing that his father can't *actually* see him. So, instead, he offers, "I was going over anyway, I have to return their clothes that I borrowed."

"Okay. Your clothes are in the basket outside of the door. I'll be downstairs if you need anything, okay?"

"Okay, Papa, thank you."

Notes for the Chapter:

Wentworth and the Uris adults are all blessings, you can pry this from my cold, dead hands, okay?

Also, this was kind of hard to write mentally, but I'm super glad I got through it! I hope you guys like it! It crashed my Grammarly keyboard twice!

Author's Note:

Please leave comments!
here's my discord server!
<https://discord.gg/eGkwayy>